

M:R:

SACRED POEMS:

O R,

A COLLECTION

O F

TRANSLATIONS and PARAPHRASES,

From the *Holy Scriptures*.

By VARIOUS AUTHORS.

———ΩΝ ΟΛΥΜΠΟΥΣ
ΠΑΤΗΡ ΜΟΝΟΣ, ΟΤΔΕ ΝΙΝ ΘΝΑΤΑ
ΦΥΣΙΣ ΑΝΕΡΩΝ ΕΤΙΚΤΕΝ, ΟΤΔΕ
ΜΗΝ ΠΟΤΕ ΛΑΘΑ ΚΑΤΑΚΟΙΜΑΣΕΙ.
ΜΕΓΑΣ ΕΝ ΤΟΤΤΟΙΣ ΘΕΟΣ,
ΟΤΔΕ ΓΗΡΑΣΚΕΙ.———

SOPHOCLES. Oedip. Tyrann.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by HAMILTON, BALFOUR, and NEILL.

M,DCC,LI.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1900

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T O
The RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES Lord HOPE:

These SACRED POEMS
are most humbly inscribed,

By

The EDITORS.

TO

CHARLES LORD ROLPH

These Sacred Forms

THE HISTORY

P R E F A C E.

THE intent of the following sheets is, in itself, so evidently laudable, that it will require no explanation from those who are zealous in the cause of religion and virtue. We, on our part, have been diligent in collecting the proper materials for this work, and nothing, has been omitted, which might render this edition beautiful, correct, and of general use: how far our endeavours have succeeded, the public must determine.—It remains, that a succinct account be given of the different pieces which compose this collection, and from what authors they are taken.

The lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, as it is the most antient, so may it serve for the exactest model of Elegiac composition. In it the Royal author, although he has not observed that scrupulous regularity which is incompatible with real affliction, yet has so ranged his thoughts, that they all seem to fill up the places which grief would naturally have assigned them. Any one who

1740
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wishes minutely to remark the various beauties of this *Lamentation*, may be assisted in his inquiry by Dr. *DELAUNEY's Life of King David*, vol. 1. ch. 28. Pity it is, that the aid of a commentator should ever be necessary to teach us to discern those charms in a composition, which owe their original to the most virtuous affections, to anxiety for the public welfare, to sorrow for unsuccessful merit, to disinterested and generous friendship, and to that greatness of soul which never more gloriously shines forth, than in deploring an unjust and implacable enemy. The following paraphrase of this admirable performance, may be found, in part, in *HOWEL's History of the Bible*. The author, whoever he was, seems to have been a person of some genius: but, in his versification, he is incorrect, and oftentimes sinks into prose. We have endeavoured to remove, in some degree, these blemishes; nevertheless, we are sensible that all that we have done, can have little other merit, than what the attempting to imitate such an original may demand. This *Lamentation* has been often paraphrased, but without much success: *OLDHAME* is tedious, diffuse, and affected; *BLACKMORE*

BLACKMORE is pompous without majesty, and poetical without grace; besides, both these versions are composed of the monstrous and indigested numbers which are commonly stiled *Pindaric*.—This reason alone would have been sufficient to have excluded them from our collection. SOMERVILLE has many beautiful and elegant lines; but, either through a defect of judgment, or from an eagerness to display his own genius, he has so overcharged his poem with ornaments, that little of the simple dignity of the original remains.

THE Reverend and learned Dr. DODDRIDGE of *Northampton* is the translator of *David's last words*. The world is sufficiently acquainted with his talents, as a writer, and, what is of infinitely greater concernment, of his character as a man and a Christian.

THE 3d and 7th chapters of *Job* are done by Mr. BOYSE. The composition of some of his lines was very careless: these we have attempted to correct, by inserting, in their place, some tolerable verses selected from the rubbish of BLACKMORE.

THE

THE 14th chapter of *Job* is taken from a late magazine. The author dates his poem from *Edinburgh*; but he is utterly unknown to us. We hope that he will, one day, correct his over-luxuriant fancy, and then he may indeed deserve the name of a poet.

THE *Paraphrase of part of the book of Job*, by Dr. YOUNG, is too well known to need any Panegyric; and indeed so excellent, that scarcely can any commendation do justice to its beauties; although the author's other works are greatly subservient to the purposes of religion and virtue, yet we could have wished, that his pen had been wholly employed in transferring the graces of the sacred writers into our language: for we may, without the imputation of enthusiasm, affirm, that the *English* poet has received some portion of that spirit which warmed the imagination, and impelled the judgment of the *Hebrew* bard.

THE 8th and the 114th psalms are by MILTON, and may well be deemed excellent, although the versification be not entirely according to the modern standard: *Milton* informs us, that he composed the last of these psalms, at the age of fourteen, and, in
this

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this earliest effort of his genius, he demonstrated what the world had to expect from it, when it should once have arrived at its full vigour.

THE 11th, 50th, 90th, and 112th psalms are all by authors, who are either unknown to us, or who desire that their names may be concealed.

As the 19th and 23d psalms, and the 7th chapter of the Proverbs are taken from the SPECTATOR, a work which is in every body's hands; it is unnecessary to say any thing of their merit.

THE *Considerations on the 88th psalm* are by Mr. PRIOR. It is no very easy matter to assign a reason why this piece has been omitted, in the edition of this Gentleman's poems published by himself: every virtuous reader will determine, whether it, or those impure tales, which will be the eternal opprobrium of their ingenious author, best deserved oblivion.

ALTHOUGH Mr. NEEDLER, from whom we have taken the 92d and 146th psalms, and the 8th chapter of the Proverbs, may not be judged worthy of the first rank among poets, his works are at least above contempt.

FROM

FROM the many imitations of the 104th *psalm*, we have selected one, which perhaps equals any of them in beauty, and is undoubtedly the most remarkable from the peculiar circumstances of its author, THOMAS BLACKLOCK. He became entirely blind during his infancy, and indeed so early, that he does not remember to have seen the light. It will, no doubt, be matter of amusement to the curious reader, to remark, how well the poet describes objects which he never saw, and expresses, so as to be understood by others, those ideas which he himself could never conceive.

THE 137th *psalm*, by Dr. DONNE, may, in the ears of many persons, sound uncouth: but, to those who consider in what times it was written, this defect will appear less remarkable. The nervous expression, and the manly sense of the whole, will more than excuse those blemishes, which are to be imputed not so much to the author, as to the times in which he flourished.

THE 148th *psalm*, by Lord ROSCOMMON, is not the piece of the least merit in this collection: we may be bold to affirm, that no composition

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composition of that noble author equals this in correctness of stile, and pomp of numbers; nor could less have been expected from so finished a master in poetry, when he wrought from such a model.

THE *Messiah*, by Mr. POPE, deserves the highest encomiums, but it would be absurd in us to endeavour to point out the particular beauties of a performance, where every thing is excellent, worthy of its author, and well becoming the glorious subject!

THE 55th chapter of *Isaiah*, besides the misfortune it has, of immediately following Mr. POPE's *Messiah*, was the work of different persons, and at different times: upon this account its many defects may perhaps claim some indulgence from the public.

THE 6th chapter of *Matthew*, by Mr. THOMSON, may, in warmth of sentiment, vye with the most applauded performances of that author.

MR. WALLER, in an extreme old age, composed *Reflexions upon the several petitions in the Lord's Prayer*, thereby atoning, even in the opinion of the most rigid, for whatever vain or inconsiderate lines his youthful fancy might

might have dictated. Some have, with as much ignorance as ill-nature, observed, that, in his later pieces, the fire of his genius does not sparkle with the same vivacity as in his early compositions. By this they would, no doubt, insinuate, that subjects of devotion (for, in such only Mr. WALLER employed his pen during the decline of life) have in them a certain fullness which depresses all gayety of wit, and that the gloom which, they suppose, accompanies religion, must, of necessity, obscure the brightest imagination: but these acute observers would have done well to have remembred, that the spirit of twenty five can scarcely be expected at fourscore; and besides, that Mr. WALLER could not with any propriety have celebrated *divine love*, or inculcated *the fear of God*, with the same levity of expression he had formerly used in singing the charms of an *Amoret*, or deploring the cruelty of a *Sacharissa*.

THE *speech of Paul the Apostle to the Athenians*, is a better commentary than a poem, and rather clears up the sense, than imitates the eloquence of the original: not but that the most serious topics of our religion are susceptible

ptible of ornament, and may be embellished with all the graces of harmony, as Mr. PRIOR has evidenced in his celebrated paraphrase of the 13th chapter of first Corinthians, without which, our collection would, in the opinion of all men of taste, have appeared imperfect.

WE have thought proper to conclude this work with *The Dying Christian to his soul*, by Mr. POPE. Would to God, that these serious considerations, which so often present themselves to the fancies, were as readily received by the judgments of men, and their influence rendered visible in the lives of all rational and immortal beings! By these means only can we have genuine consolation at the appointed season of terrors, when all earthly comforts must fail. Some persons indeed have, after a life of flagitiousness, rushed upon death, as brute animals do upon danger, without dread, because without understanding: but may none of us ever be taught, by dreadful, yet unavailing experience, that, at the hour of death, *there is no peace to the wicked!*

To the eternal disgrace of the authors of this island, it must be said, that, besides those

we

we have already mentioned, there are very few tolerable poems in the *English* language, which can properly come under the title of *Translations and paraphrases from the Holy Scriptures*. Surely every person, who feels in himself any genius for poetry, ought to consecrate some part of his labours to the service of his Creator. For this end, let him examine these books, which we Christians suppose to have been given to mankind by inspiration from heaven; in them, upon a serious perusal, he will find, (let infidelity hear and be silent!) the noblest and most proper terms for expressing the exultation of praise, the humility of contrition, and the transports of gratitude. Poetry may indeed be innocently employed in subjects of mirth and amusement; it deserves our esteem when it exerts itself in the praise of departed worthies, or when it yields a decent applause to those men, whose virtues death has not as yet consecrated to immortality; but it never blazes with so much splendor, as when its fire is supplied from the altar of the *Lord*.

C O N-

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SACRED POEMS.

The LAMENTATION of DAVID *over SAUL and JONATHAN.*

2 Samuel i. 19.

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THY glory, Israel, and thy beauty mourn !
They're vanish'd, never, never to return !
Ah ! who in feeble mortals strength
would trust,

Whose glory is so near ally'd to dust ?

O tell it not in Gath's triumphant gate,
Nor Israel's shame in Askelon relate,
Lest proud Philistia should insulting cry,
Where's now the boasted Ruler of the sky ?

O fatal Gilboa, where my friend was slain,
No dew on thee descend, no kindly rain !
No corn nor wine thy blasted mountains yield ;
For there was lost the chosen warrior's shield,
The shield of SAUL ! profan'd his sacred head,
The monarch blended with the vulgar dead !
How did thy shafts through battle's dread array,
O JONATHAN, unerring urge their way !
By SAUL's destroying sword what armies fell,
Let Ammon's sons, and vanquish'd Nahash tell.

A

O

O most majestic, all-accomplish'd pair,
 Of peace the wonder, and the pride of war,
 Lovely in life, in death too near ally'd!
 With his bold fire the blooming hero dy'd!
 Mourn, all ye matrons, all ye virgins, mourn;
 Your flow'ry wreaths to cypress garlands turn;
 Your much lov'd king with grateful tears deplore!
 Let rich Sidonian robes delight no more,
 For SAUL who gave them, generous SAUL is lost;
 Dead are your heroes, perish'd Israel's boast!

How are the mighty fall'n! their strength how
 vain!

O JONATHAN, O friend untimely slain!
 Weak are all words, how shall I thee commend,
 My more than brother, and my more than friend!
 My life, my JONATHAN! and must we part?
 Ah! who can speak this bitterness of heart?
 Sore, sore within me is my soul distress'd;
 Thine image bleeds for ever in my breast,
 With fond remembrance, whilst my thoughts o'er-
 flow,

And friendship past survives in present woe:
 That friendship which once breath'd celestial fire,
 More pure than woman's love and soft desire.

How are the mighty fall'n, their fate deplore!
 Thy sword and shield, O Israel, are no more!

DAVID:

DAVID'S LAST WORDS.

2 Samuel xxiii. 1.

I.

THUS has the son of Jesse said,
When Israel's God had rais'd his head
To high imperial sway;
Struck with his last poetic fire,
Zion's sweet psalmist tun'd his lyre,
To this harmonious lay.

II.

Thus dictates Israel's sacred Rock,
Thus has the God of Jacob spoke;
By my responsive tongue,
Behold the JUST ONE over men
Commencing his religious reign!
Great subject of my song.

III.

So gently shines with genial ray
Th' unclouded lamp of rising day,
And cheers the tender flow'rs;
When midnight's soft diffusive rain,
Has blest the gardens and the plain,
With kind refreshing show'rs...

Shall

IV.

Shall not my house this honour boast ?
 My soul th' eternal cov'nant trust,
 Well order'd still, and sure ?
 There all my hopes and wishes meet,
 In death I call its blessings sweet,
 And feel its bond secure.

V.

The sons of Belial shall not spring,
 Who spurn at Heav'n's appointed King,
 And scorn his high command :
 Tho' wide the briers infest the ground,
 And the sharp-pointed thorns around
 Defy a tender hand ;

VI.

A dreadful warrior shall appear,
 With iron arms, and massy spear,
 And tear them from their place ;
 Touch'd with the lightnings of his ire,
 At once they kindle into fire,
 And vanish in the blaze.

CHAP. III. *of* JOB TRANSLATED.

THUS JOB began, — “Curst be the fatal
morn

“In which distinguish’d wretchedness was born!

“From the fair round of the revolving year

“Perish that day! nor let the night appear,

“In which this wretched being first began

“To swell to misery and promise man!

“Let darkness stain it o’er, no friendly ray

“Pierce thro’ the gloom of that accursed day!

“But shades of terror o’er its circuit spread,

“And fold it in the mantle of the dead!

“May all its stars with rays diminish’d show,

“And thro’ the dusky air obscurely glow!

“No glimpse of hope the dreadful scene adorn,

“Nor let it see the promise of a morn! —

“Because it shut not up my mother’s womb,

“Nor join’d at once my cradle and my tomb:

“Why dy’d I not? why did preventive care

“My destin’d life for future sorrows spare?

“Then had I found that ease I seek in vain,

“Nor known this load of unexampled pain!

“O grave! thou refuge of the soul distressed!

“When shall I sink into thy downy rest?

“There

“ There kings and mighty ones neglected rot,
 “ In their own mould’ring monuments forgot :
 “ (Tho’ once of grandeur and of pow’r possess’d,
 “ And all the treasures of the shining East)
 “ There near th’ oppressor sleeps th’ oppress’d in
 peace,
 “ And there the pris’ner’s cries for ever cease.
 “ Level’d by death, the victor and the slave
 “ Ly mix’d and undistinguish’d in the grave.
 “ The wicked there no more the just molest,
 “ And there the weary find eternal rest !
 “ Why sparest thou, O LORD ! a life like mine ?
 “ While with incessant pray’rs for death I pine :
 “ Why is that blessing given to wealth and pride ?
 “ But to the wretch distress’d like me, deny’d.
 “ While o’er my head thy awful terrors brood,
 “ Beset my path, and mingle with my food:
 “ In vain my cries and groans continual rise,
 “ In vain my tears I pour, and waste my sighs !
 “ While yet I knew the softest hours of ease
 “ My ill-presaging thoughts disturb’d my peace ;
 “ And now the storm that at a distance lowr’d,
 “ On me has its collected vengeance pour’d.”

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“ In silent woe I lengthen out the night,
 “ Then curse the gloom, and wait the dawning
 light :

“ The dawning light returns,— but not to me,
 “ And all but I its kindly aspect see :

“ To me no friendly seasons e’er return,
 “ Nor gives the evening ease, nor joy the morn ;
 “ With-hold at length thy wrath, and set me
 free,

“ For what is JOB, O God ! to strive with thee ?

“ Than thought more swift my fleeting moments
 pass ;

“ Consum’d, I wither as the fading grass.

“ Remember, LORD, my transient life, like wind,

“ Blows off unseen, nor leaves a trace behind :.

“ Short as it is, why is it then oppress’d,

“ Curs’d by that Being who once made it blest ?

“ Oh close the scene,— and let my sorrows cease,

“ Dissolve the chain, and frown me into peace !

“ Each evening yields the sun to sable night,

“ But every morn returns again as bright ;

“ Within earth’s lap the yearly seed is thrown,

“ And Nature’s bounteous hand repays the loan :

“ But man within the grave for ever lies,

“ Till Nature’s death permitted not to rise ;

“ Till then forbid the faintest glimpse of day,

“ Or re-ascend the long forgotten way ;

No

“ No more indulg’d to see the chearful light,
 “ The sweet returning day and peaceful night :
 “ Here look, vain men, and human greatness
 see,

“ Dust once ye were, and dust again must be !
 “ Oh ! why should tortur’d Job his sighs re-
 frain ?

“ Or suffering thus, why should he not complain ?

“ Allow him prostrate then to ask his God,

“ Why thus thou break’st this animated clod ?

“ Why watchest thou my steps severely just ?

“ And while I bend me groaning to the dust,

“ Forbid’st me one short interval of rest,

“ And emptiest all thy quiver in my breast !

“ In vain for rest I to my couch repair,

“ And hope in sleep to dissipate my care ;

“ For there in awful visions I behold

“ My terrors heighten’d, and my hopes con-
 troul’d :

“ Oft when alone, and in the ev’ning shade,

“ I call for death—but call in vain for aid :

“ For thou unmov’d still lengthen’st out my pains,

“ And whom thy wrath torments, thy pow’r su-
 stains.

“ Oh finish, Gracious Lord ! th’ unequal strife,

“ And I to buy my peace will quit my life.

“ What did I say of life?—that galling chain !

“ By thee afflicted, what is life but pain ?

- " I would not live, nor bear the dreadful load ;
 " Alas can man support thy chaf'ning rod ?
 " Oh cease to urge what nature cannot bear !
 " Nor fill me thus with anguish and despair ;
 " Withdraw thy cruel all-supporting pow'r !
 " And lo ! I perish in that gracious hour !
 " Then humbly in thy fight I lay me down,
 " At once thy justice and my crimes I own.
 " To thee for mercy and relief I come ;
 " Oh take this late repenting rebel home.
 " Oh let thy pity ease and set me free,
 " And give me in destruction rest to see :
 " So shall the voice of my complaining cease,
 " And Job's last breath shall bless thee for his
 peace".

CHAP. XIV. *of* JOB PARAPHRASED.

AS when the flow'r to ev'ry breeze of prey,
 Blooms for a while, then droops and dies
 away;

Or as the shade, that glides unheeded by,
 Dissolves at once, and disappoints the eye.

'Tis thus, vain man, thy transient glories fade,
 Swift as the flow'r, and fleeting as the shade:
 Still mark'd with grief, thy tedious moments flow,
 Thy days are few, and those are spent in woe.
 Will then th' Almighty bid his lightnings flame,
 Or dreadful thunders take so small an aim;
 On man will God his dreaded vengeance show,
 Or will his Maker judge a wretch so low?
 Can beauty in polluted dust surprize?
 From putrid fens can silver streams arise?
 Amidst the gloom, can heav'nly charms be seen?
 Or that be pure, which heav'n pronounc'd un-
 clean?

At thy command the blooming form decays,
 At thine whose hands has number'd all our days;
 Whose heav'nly wisdom and almighty pow'r,
 Marks the revolving month, and bounds the fly-
 ing hour.

O turn thine eyes, nor let thy thunders roar,

Let

Let such a wretch provoke thy rage no more ;
But as a servant, when his labours cease,
Retire and rest his wearied soul in peace.
Thus when a tree reclines its hoary head,
Whose lofty boughs adorn the flow'ry mead,
If worn with age, defrauded of supplies,
Prone on the earth th' enormous body lies ;
Yet soon it rises o'er the smiling plain,
And every faded beauty blooms again ;
Like some fair plant, its opening branches grow,
And blooming flow'rs adorn the tender bough :
But man, vain man ! when death's destructive
 dart
Has freed the soul, and stopp'd the throbbing
 heart,
No more can hope to 'scape the dreadful foe,
For ever lost to ev'ry scene below.

As when at once, the sun's consuming flame
Drinks up the flood, or dries the smoking stream,
Through distant channels when the waters stray,
They ne'er again th' exhausted spring repay.
So when vain man his fleeting breath resigns,
And with his fleeting breath, his vain designs,
No more shall life its former scenes resume,
No more shall beauty's transient roses bloom,
No more shall pleasure all the pow'rs controul,
And from its peaceful slumbers rouse the soul ;

'Till the last trump shall thunder in the skies,
 And heav'n command the sleeping dead to rise.
 'Tis then they'll view that dread tremendous day,
 When earth consumes, and heav'n dissolves away.

Would God allow me in the grave to rest,
 No cares to pain, no troubles to molest;
 O would th' Almighty hear my fond desire,
 To shield my soul, and hide me from his ire,
 'Till at the appointed hour he sets me free,
 And stoops to think on such a wretch as me.
 Since when a mortal meets his fatal doom,
 He ne'er again can quit the dreary tomb,
 Silent I'll wait, submissive, tho' distress'd,
 And think his time will ever be the best;
 'Till this frail life, with all its woes be o'er,
 I'll humbly hope, and silently adore;
 Before thy throne my prostrate soul shall fall,
 And only speak when thou shalt deign to call;
 When fervent cries thy dreadful wrath remove,
 And what thy hands have form'd, thy heart shall
 love.

But now my God, each secret fault displays,
 My steps he numbers, and observes my ways;
 He counts my sins, and lays them all in store,
 As men within the bag conceal the ore.

The mountain, where aspiring summits rise,
 Lost in the clouds, a rival of the skies.

The

The rock whose sides unnumber'd horrors crown,
 Whose brow still threatens with a dreadful frown,
 These hear thy voice, and at th' Almighty's call,
 The rugged rocks and lofty mountains fall ;
 The flowing streams thy dread commands obey,
 Consume the stones, and sweep the dust away :
 So man's aspiring hopes and blooming joys,
 'Tis thou who raisest, and 'tis thou destroys ;
 Thou look'st, he trembles, with affrighted eyes ;
 Thou frowns, he fades, when thou command'st,
 he dies.

 If e'er through fortune's smiles his sons have
 stood,
 High in their spheres, distinguish'd from the
 crowd ;
 Or if they droop beneath some dreadful blow,
 And mourn their own, or weep another's woe ;
 Yet still their cries can never reach his ears,
 Alike regardless of their smiles or tears.
 Unhappy man, surrounded with despair,
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err :
 Thou child of grief with ev'ry woe oppress'd,
 Alike in body, and in mind distress'd ;
 Condemn'd to see thy ceaseless woe arise,
 Nor hope relief, till death shall close thy eyes.

Part

Part of the book of JOB paraphras'd

THREE happy JOB long liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so
great;

Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd :
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train !
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all
o'er

So thick with pains, they wanted room for more !
A change so sad what mortal heart cou'd bear ?
Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grief : low earth he prest,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd ;
In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And seven long days in solemn silence spent ;
A debt of rev'rence to distress so great !
Then JOB contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate :
His day of birth, it's inauspicious light
He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,

And

And blotted from the year ; nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death, impatient for the grave ;
 That seat of peace, the mansion of repose,
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes ;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty Kings,
 O happy turn ! no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his
 friends ;

His conduct they reprove, and he defends ;
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat ;
 Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field.
 So high at length their arguments were wrought,
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought :
 A pause ensu'd. When lo ! heav'n interpos'd,
 And awfully the long contention clos'd.
 Full o'er their heads with terrible surprize,
 A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies ;
 (They saw, and trembled !) from the darkness
 broke

A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign ?
 Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
 And tells the world's Creator what is just ?
 Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply.

Where

Where didst thou dwell at nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious earth?
 Who on its surface did extend the line,
 It's form determine, and it's bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner stone? what hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air?
 When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
 When heav'n's high arch with loud hosanna's
 rung,

When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound.
 Earth's num'rous kingdoms hast thou view'd them
 all?

And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
 Who heav'd the mountain, which sublimely
 stands,

And casts it's shadow into distant lands?

Who stretching forth his scepter o'er the deep
 Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
 I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side,
 And did a basin for the floods provide;
 I chain them with my word; the boiling sea
 Work'd up in tempests hears my great decree;
 " Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
 " And here, O main! be thy proud billows
 stay'd.

Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep,
 Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep;

C

Where

Where down a thousand fathoms from the day,
 Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
 Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
 Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft center open'd wide to thee?
 Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
 E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
 To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
 Deep are those shades, but deeper they that hide
 My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the light, in what refulgent dome?
 And where has darkness made her dismal home?
 Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is
 fraught

With ripen'd wisdom through long ages brought;
 Since nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
 And into being rose beneath thine eye.

Are mists begotten? who their father knew?
 From whom descends the pearly drops of dew?
 To bind the stream by night what hand can boast,
 Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?
 Whose pow'rful breath, from Northern regions
 blown,

Touches the sea and turns it into stone;
 A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
 And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not, thy blindness cannot see
 How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.

Canst

Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? canst thou
In clouds, and darkness wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with
night?

Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them
rowl

Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Make rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er
shone;

And spreads its beauties to the sun alone:

To check the show'r who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains,
But new in life a chearful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth, and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?

Hast thou e'er scal'd my wint'ry skies, and seen
Of hail and snow, my Northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance, for the day of war;

When

When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,

Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,
Or shakes the center with his Eastern blast ?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour ?
Who strikes thro' nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful thunder ? points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball ?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies ?
Did thy resentment hang him out ? does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee ?

Who on low earth can moderate the reign
That guides the stars along th' etherial plain ;
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force ?
Canst thou the skies benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain ?
Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year ?
Bid Mazaroth his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow ?
Mine is the night, with all her stars ; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Do'st

Do'st thou pronounce where day-light shall be
born,

And draw the purple curtain of the morn ?
Awake the sun, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obsequious ray ?
Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n ?
That pomp of light what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze ?

Who did the soul with her rich pow'rs invest,
And light up reason in the human breast,
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night ?
To these my various questions make reply.

Th' Almighty spoke, and speaking shook the sky.

What then, Chaldean fire, was thy surprize ?
Thus thou, with trembling heart, and down-cast
eyes,

“ Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
“ My tongue has err'd, but shall presume no
more:

“ My voice is in eternal silence bound,
“ And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground”.

He ceas'd: when lo! again th' Almighty spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind
broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine ?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine ?

Or

Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
 The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
 When mad with tempests all the billows rise
 In all their rage, and dash the distant skies ?

Come forth in beauty's excellence array'd,
 And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd ;
 Put on omnipotence, and frowning make
 The spacious round of the creation shake ;
 Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
 Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
 And crumble them to dust : when this is done,
 I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone ;
 Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand,
 Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond man ! the vision of a moment made !
 Dream of a dream ! and shadow of a shade !
 What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures
 fram'd,

What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd ?
 When pain'd with hunger the wild ravens brood
 Calls upon God, importunate for food,
 Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse-re-
 quest,

And stills the clamour of the craving nest ?

Who in the stupid ostrich has subdu'd
 A parent's care, and fond inquietude ?
 While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
 Without an owner, on the sandy ground ;

Cast

Cast out on fortune, they at mercy ly,
 And borrow life from an indulgent sky;
 Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
 They ripen under his prolific ray;
 Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
 May crush her young, in their neglected bed;
 What time she skims along the field with speed,
 She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

How rich the peacock? what bright glories run
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun?
 He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day,
 With conscious state the spacious round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
 Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
 When clouds deform the year she mounts the wind,
 Shoots to the South, nor fears the storm behind;
 The sun returning, she returns again,
 Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,
 An eagle drops her in a lower sky;
 An eagle when deserting human fight,
 She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight:
 Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
 So high in air, and seat her on the clift,
 Where far above thy world she dwells alone,
 And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;

Thence

'Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
 And with a glance predestinates her prey?
 She feasts her young with blood, and hov'ring
 o'er

Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.

Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd
 Rowl o'er the mountain goat, and forest hind,
 While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
 They bend in anguish, and cast forth in pain.
 Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
 Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
 They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,
 Take the wide world, with nature for their guide:
 Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,
 And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall reem, which knows no lord but
 me,

Lowe at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
 Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
 Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
 Since great his strength, go trust him void of care,
 Lay on his neck the toil of all the year,
 Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
 And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the wild ass discharge,
 And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
 Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
 And lose himself in his unbounded home?

By

By nature's hand magnificently fed,
 His meal is on the range of mountains spread ;
 As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
 He sees in distant smoke the city throng,
 Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
 The threat'ning driver and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike horse ! didst thou invest
 With thunder his robust distended chest ?
 No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays ;
 'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze :
 To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
 And triumphs in the fulness of his might ;
 High-rais'd he snuffs the battle from afar,
 And burns to plunge amid the raging war,
 And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
 And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
 How does his firm, his rising heart advance
 Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance,
 While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazling shield,
 Gaze, and return the lightning of the field ?
 He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
 Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side,
 But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
 Till death ; and when he groans, he groans his
 last.

But, fiercer still, the lordly lion stalks,
 Grimly majestic in his lonely walks :

D

When

When round he glares, all living creatures fly,
 He clears the desert with his rowling eye.
 Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
 And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand ?
 Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
 And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
 Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
 And couch'd in dreadful ambush pant for blood ;
 Or stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey ?
 By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground :
 Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill ;
 They rage, they rend, their ravenous jaws distil
 With crimson foam ; and when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore :
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my behemoth, tho' large his frame,
 Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
 While unprovok'd : this native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food :
 Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
 To seek the herds, and mingle with the throng.
 See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof, and shut against a wound ;
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail,
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail :

Built

Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel, his ribs are ribs of brass;
 His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
 Give the wide forest, and the mountain law:
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
 The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
 His noon-tide shelter from the burning heat;
 Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
 And groves of willows give him all their shade:
 His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
 He trusts to turn its current down his throat;
 In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain,
 He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

Go to the Nile, and from its fruitful side,
 Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide;
 With slender hair Leviathan command,
 And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand:
 Will he become thy servant, will he own
 Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown,
 Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
 And bound in filk with thy soft maidens play?

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize,
 And the bowl journey round his ample size?
 Or the debating merchants share the prey,
 And various limbs to various marts convey?

Through

Through his firm scull what steel its way can win?
 What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
 Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might;
 The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight,
 The rashest dare not rouse him up; who then
 Shall turn on me, among the sons of men?

Am I a debtor? hast thou ever heard
 Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
 My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills,
 And mine the herds, that graze a thousand hills;
 Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own,
 And stars, and sun, are dust beneath my throne;
 And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,
 Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?
 At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,
 Boast all his strength, and spread his wond'rous size.

Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining
 mail,

Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold
 Destruction yawns, his spacious jaws unfold,
 And, marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on
 rows:

What hideous fangs on either side arise,
 And what a deep abyss between them lies?
 Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet sound,
 The one how long, the other how profound.

His

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
 That clouds of smoak from his spread nostrils rowl
 As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
 Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire:
 The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
 Thy terror, this thy great superior please;
 Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state,
 His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully compleat,
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part,
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When late awak'd he rears him from the floods,
 And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
 Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
 And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
 Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
 The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

Large is his front; and when his burnish'd eyes
 Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
 His naked breast their impotence defies,
 The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies:
 Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
 The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow,
 His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a caldron boil the flood,
 And blacken ocean with the rising mud;

The

The billows feel him, as he works his way;
 His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
 The foam high-wrought with white divides the
 green,

And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face,
 Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
 For utter ignorance of fear renown'd :
 In wrath he rows his baleful eye around,
 Makes every swollen disdainful heart subside,
 And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breast,
 With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.

“ Thou can'st accomplish all things, Lord of
 might !

“ And every thought is naked to thy fight :

“ But oh ! thy ways are wonderful, and lie

“ Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.

“ Oft have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,

“ But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.

“ O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,

“ Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee :

“ Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more :

“ Man was not made to question, but adore.

PSALM

PSALM VIII. TRANSLATED.

O JEHOVAH our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the
earth?

So as above the heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest breath.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I beheld thy heav'ns, thy fingers art,
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast
set,

In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found!
Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him
crown'd

O'er

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet;

Fowl of the heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
 Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no
 dearth.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth !

PSALM XII. TRANSLATED.

GOD is my hope, in him distressed
 My soul shall find untroubled rest;
 From him true comforts flow :
 In vain ye bid me then remove,
 Swift as the tim'rous panting dove,
 And reach yon mountain's brow.

Behold, ye say, the impious band
 Prepare the bow, extend the hand,
 And point th' unerring dart ;
 With restless eagerness they wait,
 In murd'rous counsel meditate,
 To smite the guiltless heart.

Ah,

Ah, what avails, that thou can't find
 An inoffending righteous mind,
 When destitute of aid ;
 God from his high exalted throne
 Shall look with indignation down,
 And all their counsels read.
 Then shall his high almighty arm-
 Protect the innocent from harm,
 Each danger drive away ;
 But on his impious foes shall rain,
 Destruction, anguish, wrath and pain,
 Affliction and dismay.
 Flames shall in livid show'rs descend,
 Their dwellings horrid tempests rend,
 And all their hosts annoy ;
 While on the good (far different scene)
 He smiles with countenance serene,
 That looks eternal joy.

*An ODE. Taken from the beginning
of PSALM XIX.*

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
The spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display ;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the listning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball ?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?

In

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine".

PSALM XXIII. TRANSLATED.

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care :
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreary shade.

Though

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM L. PARAPHRASED.

THE Lord hath spoken, he who rules supreme

Hath spoken, and from earth's remotest bound
 The nations summoned ; from th' eternal rock
 Of Zion, where his beauty deigns to dwell,
 The Lord hath shined ; in judgment terrible
 Our God shall come, nor longer silence keep :
 Then through the empyreum's wide expanse
 Shall lightnings blaze, and thunder's awful sound
 And tempest own th' approaching Deity :
 He from his throne shall speak, bear witness,
 earth !

And let all nature listen ! unto me
 My saints assemble, whom mysterious rites
 Of sacrifice have with JEHOVAH bound
 In league perpetual, and let heaven declare
 His righteousness, for God himself is judge.

Hear,

Hear, O my people, thee will I accuse,
 Thee favoured Israel, know I am thy God :
 Nor thy burnt-offerings, nor thy solemn feasts
 Will I reprove, these thou hast well observed ;
 Yet these suffice not, nor devoted goats,
 Nor fatted steers upon mine altar laid,
 Can profit, to assuage th' avenger's wrath :
 For every beast of woodland or of vale
 To me belongs, to me the flocks that brouze
 On hills unnumber'd, me, the feather'd choir
 Tenants of air, in native harmony
 Proclaim, All-powerful, Wise, Beneficent!
 Nor less the sylvan tribes, by man untamed,
 Which range the wilderness, at my behests
 Obedient wait, and hear their Maker's voice :
 From thee no friendly aid would I implore
 If I could hunger, haughty mortal know,
 Mine is the world, and all its fulness mine !
 Say will I taste the flesh of slaughter'd herds,
 Or will the worthless blood of goats delight
 The self-existent, immaterial spirit ?
 To me bring forth thy tributary praise,
 Best sacrifice, to me indulgent Lord,
 Thy vows in lowly adoration pay ;
 And when the terrors of impending ruin
 Amaze thy soul, let heaven-born faith revive
 Its languid powers, let holy zeal call down
 Mine all-sufficient succour ; I will hear,

I will relieve, and bid thy joyful lips
 In songs of gratitude and love o'erflow.
 In accents different far the Lord of hosts
 The sinner to his dread tribunal calls,
 What art thou that thy guilt-polluted mouth
 Should name my statutes? thou whose soul con-
 temns

My counsel, thou who tramplest under foot,
 With impious scorn, mine hallowed covenant!
 Oft with the sons of rapine hast thou shared
 Accursed spoils, in thee adulterous lust
 Hath found a consort; thine envenomed tongue
 For calumny is framed and dark deceit,
 Nor can the ties of blood or kindred nature
 Its rage restrain, thine is the savage joy
 To blast with deadly words thy brother's peace.
 Thus hast thou done, and whilst my mercy strove
 With thine unworthiness, and wished to pardon,
 Deluded man! thou thoughtest me the foe
 Of virtue, and flagitious as thy self:
 But I will punish, and before thine eyes
 Range all thy crimes, and on thy conscience, grave
 Guilt aggravated. Now consider this
 Ye who forget the Lord, lest in his wrath
 Ye perish;—nor shall late-repenting tears,
 Nor shall your hands stretch'd out in plaintive guise,
 From endless desolation save your souls,
 Or stay the justice of an injured God.

The

The thankful spirit, all that man can give
 On me bestows, his undiffembled praise,
 Nor ask I more ; to him who treads the path
 Of dauntless virtue, will I mercy shew,
 And bid him taste salvation from the Lord.

Part of PSALM XC. paraphras'd.

NO sooner Time his hasty flight began,
 And the warm clod was moulded into man,
 Than man commenc'd his God's peculiar care,
 Fled to his arms, and smil'd serenely there :
 And the same goodness and almighty pow'r
 Beam on the race, which beam'd on one before..

Before the skies their ambient arch display'd,
 Or the foundations of the world were laid,
 JEHOVAH fill'd his everlasting throne,
 In boundless blefs unrival'd and alone :
 And when the sun forgets to rule the day,
 And nature's rolling wheels shall cease to play,
 In undiminis'd pomp he shall remain,
 And vast eternity shall be his reign.

Lord ! as our lives were kindled by thy breath,
 So at thy pleasure we resign to death,
 Quit all the gay distinctions once we wore,
 Sink to our dust, and rise to earth no more.

The

The tedious travel of a thousand years
 Before thine all-enfolding view appears
 Short as the transient hours of yester-light,
 Or the last watch that bolts the gates of night.

As rivers, swoln with fierce descending rains,
 O'ertop their banks, and rush into the plains,
 Bound, foam, and thunder with tempestuous force,
 And spread resistless ravage in their course,
 So from life's careless walks with headlong sway
 DEATH's sudden torrent sweeps our lives away.

When sleep has hush'd the day's sad cares to rest,
 What vain illusions revel in our breast !
 Yet, big with truth, and weighty import, seem
 The air-dress'd phantoms of the shad'wy dream :
 Thus through our span gay scenes of bliss beguile,
 But vanity's the harvest of the toil.

As flow'rs, when morn's first splendors gild
 the skies
 Charm in the dew-drops, and in verdure rise,
 So, while our race their youthful beauties wear,
 Vigour and joy on ev'ry brow appear ;
 But, ere the sun withdraws his ev'ning ray,
 They droop and wither in their last decay.

Urg'd by necessity, with painful feet
 The broken rock, and gloomy vale we beat,
 Meet the dark frown of an offended God,
 And groan beneath the vengeance of his rod.

Our

Our sins that red with flagrant horrors rise,
 Stretch to the lowest hell, and scale the skies,
 Num'rous, as stars that strow th'etherial plain,
 Or sands that bound the billows of the main,
 Stand all unfolded to JEHOVAH's sight,
 Though wrapt from mortals in impervious night.

Admit it, heav'n should check the stroke of fate
 Till life protracted reach'd its utmost date,
 Or to the vital glass new sands should pour,
 Till, seventy winters past, we fill'd the score,
 A weary pilgrimage we still must go,
 And pant beneath a growing load of woe;
 Till nature, with her toils and griefs oppress'd,
 Would sigh impatient for the hour of rest.

O dread JEHOVAH, who can ever know
 The weight of vengeance in thine angry brow?
 Ev'n fear scarce images thy funds of ire,
 And thought flies slower than thy darted fire.
 Then teach me, Maker, the celestial skill
 To measure life, and life's demands fulfil,
 That Death for me may take the seraph's charms,
 And I enraptur'd rush into his arms,
 Shake off this cumb'rous clod, and wing my
 way
 To a blest mansion in the realms of day.

PSALM XCII. PARAPHRASED.

GREAT Sov'reign of the World, thy glorious
name

And boundless praise, I ever will proclaim.
Whether the morn with rising light invest,
Or night with sable shades o'erspread the East;
The smiling morn thy bounteous love shall hear,
And list'ning night thy constant truth revere:
The lute and harp shall join my willing voice,
And the loud cymbal add its tuneful noise.
Whilst in my mind thy matchless deeds I weigh,
And all thy works in silent thought survey,
The pleasing theme my ravish'd bosom fires,
And sacred hymns spontaneously inspires!
Thy greatness who can tell! or who can trace
The wisdom of thy providential ways!
Yet will audacious man presume to blame
Thy conduct, and asperse thine awful name.
Like some green herb, which on the springing
mead,

By genial show'rs refresh'd, uprears its head,
The wicked seem a while; but vengeance due
Soon quells their pride, and blasts the guilty crew:
But thou art still the same: thou ne'er canst know
The changes that affect this world below.

Thine

Thine enemies, O God ! an impious band,
 Shall perish soon by thy destroying hand.
 Mean while the righteous, like the goodly height
 Of the fair palm, shall flourish to the sight ;
 Or like a cedar, that majestic grows
 On Lebanon, and wide extends its boughs.
 The tree, that in thy temple's courts shall shoot
 Deep in the hallow'd ground its spreading root,
 Loaded with fruits, with fadeless blossoms gay
 Shall flourish still, nor ever know decay.
 With such abundant favour thou wilt bless
 Those who thy venerable name confess,
 That all the nations shall be forc'd to own
 Thy perfect laws, and worship at thy throne.

PSALM CIV. IMITATED.

ARISE my soul ! on wings seraphic rise !
 And praise th' Almighty Sovereign of the
 skies !

In whom alone essential glory shines,
 Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless
 space confines !

When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
 He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day :
 First fairest offspring of th' omnific word !
 Which, like a garment, cloth'd its sovereign Lord.

He

Impetuous

Impetuous rushing to the place decreed,
 Climb the steep hill, and sweep the humble mead:
 And now reluctant in their bounds subside;
 Th' eternal bounds restrain the raging tide:
 Yet still tumultuous with incessant roar,
 It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.
 By him, from mountains clothed in lucid snow,
 Thro' verdant vales the mazy fountains flow.
 Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
 That revels, boundless, o'er the wide champaign,
 Imbibes the silver stream, with heat oppress'd,
 To cool the fervor of his glowing breast.
 Here verdant boughs, adorn'd with summer's
 pride,

Spread their broad shadows o'er the silver tide:
 While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
 Each feather'd songster tunes his various lay:
 And while their praise they symphonize around,
 Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
 Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends,
 Its tincture brightens, and its arch extends:
 At the glad sign aerial conduits flow,
 The hills relent, the meads rejoice below:
 By genial fervor, and prolific rain,
 Gay vegetation clothes the fertile plain:
 Nature profusely good with bliss o'erflows,
 And still she's pregnant, tho' she still bestows!

Here

Here verdant pastures far extended ly,
 And yield the grazing herd a fresh supply !
 Luxuriant, waving in the wanton air,
 Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care !
 Here vines mature in purple clusters glow,
 And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below !
 Erect and tall, here mountain cedars rise
 High o'er the clouds, and emulate the skies !
 Here the wing'd crouds, that skim the yielding air
 With artful toil their little domes prepare ;
 Here hatch their young, and nurse their rising
 care !

Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
 While timid conies scour the plains below ;
 Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe !
 He bade the silver majesty of night
 Revolve her circle, and increase her light :
 Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
 And taught the sun to regulate the year.
 At his command, wide-hovering o'er the plain,
 Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign :
 Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
 The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
 Howl thro' the spacious waste and chase the
 frighted prey.

Here walks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
 Taught from thy providence to ask his food ;

To

To thee, O Father ! to thy bounteous skies,
 He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes.
 He roars, the desarts tremble wide around !
 And repercussive hills repeat the sound.
 Now glowing gems the Eastern skies adorn,
 And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn;
 The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
 Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey,
 Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,
 Springs chearful to his toil, from downy rest;
 Till grateful evening with her silver train,
 Bids labour cease, and ease the weary swain.
 Hail, sovereign goodness ! all productive mind !
 On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find !
 How various all ! how variously endu'd !
 How great their number ! and each part how good !
 How perfect then must the great Parent shine !
 Who, with one act of energy divine,
 Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design !
 Where-e'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
 Unbounded goodness opens to my view.
 Nor does our world, alone, its influence share ;
 Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care,
 Extend thro' all th' infinitude of space,
 And circle nature with a kind embrace.
 The wavy kingdoms of the deep below,
 Thy power, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show.

Here

Here various beings without number stray,
 Crowd the profound, or on the surface play.
 Leviathan here, the mightiest of the train!
 Enormous! fails incumbent o'er the main,
 And foams, and sports, and plays, in spite of }
 man.

All these thy watchful providence supplies :
 To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes :
 For them thou open'st thine exhaustless store,
 Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.
 But if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
 Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
 Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
 And vents her grief in universal cries !
 Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
 Wide o'er the nations spreads his iron reign !
 Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
 And all their hosts to native dust return !
 Again, thy glorious quick'ning influence shed,
 The glad creation rears her drooping head :
 New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
 And life re-kindles at the genial ray ;
 United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
 And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise!
 When time shall in eternity be lost,
 And hoary nature languish into dust,
 For ever young, thy glories shall remain,
 Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign !

Thou

Thou, from the realms of everlasting day,
 Seest all thy works at one immense survey !
 Pleas'd at one view the whole to comprehend,
 Part join'd to part, concurring to one end.
 If thou to earth but turn'st thy wrathful eyes,
 Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies.
 Thou smitest the hills, and at th' almighty blow,
 Their summits kindle, and their entrails glow.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame,
 Diffends my breast, and animates my frame,
 To thee my ardent praises shall be born,
 On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn :
 The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
 And nature in full choir shall join around !
 When, full of thee, my soul excursive flies
 Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies,
 From world to world, new wonders still I find !
 And all the godhead bursts upon my mind !
 When, wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take
 her flight

To the wide bosom of eternal night,
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay ;
 Join ! men, and angels ! join th' exalted lay !

PSALM CXII. PARAPHRASED.

I.

HAPPY the man, whose faith-instructed will
Adores the Lord with reverential awe !
Who quits, well-pleas'd, the flowery paths of ill,
To frame his practice to his Maker's law.

II.

His offspring shall in lasting glory reign,
And of the fulness of the earth partake ;
Nor will all-bounteous Providence disdain
To bless the children for their parent's sake.

III.

Riches are his, but gain'd with honest fame,
Nor won by violence, nor treacherous art :
Hence ages yet unborn shall bless his name,
Hence he shall live in ev'ry virtuous heart.

IV.

To him in desolation's gloomiest storm
The chearful dawn of promised light beams
forth ;
God shall the covenant of love perform,
And high to honour raise afflicted worth.

V.

The good man, with unwearied, pious care,
To all in misery compassion shows ;
Yet no profusion shall his wealth impair,
Or drain the sources whence his bounty flows.
Honour

VI.

Honour awaits the merciful and just,
 Whose generous nature feels for human woe ;
 Tears undissembled shall bedew his dust,
 And gratitude eternal praise bestow.

VII.

No fear despoils him of the sober joys
 Which peace of mind and innocence afford ;
 No dread of future ill that man annoys
 Whose heart is fix'd, whose trust is in the Lord.

VIII.

To him whose dauntless bosom glows with zeal,
 Calm 'midst success, in adverse fate resign'd,
 The Lord of hosts shall victory reveal,
 The Lord his haughtiest foes in thralldom bind.

IX.

His lib'ral hand and pitying soul delight
 To feed the poor, to comfort the forlorn :
 Heav'n all his deeds of mercy shall requite,
 And in unrival'd praise exalt his horn.

X.

At sight of this, the guilty with dismay
 Shall stand aghast, with hell-taught envy burn,
 Despair his portion ! he shall melt away,
 And all his hopes to swift destruction turn.

PSALM CXIV. PARAPHRASED.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
 His praise and glory was in Israel known.
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth, Jordan's clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
 The high huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean? and why skip'd the moun-
 tains?
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
 Shake earth, and at the presence be aghast
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVII. TRANSLATED.

I.

BY Euphrates' flow'ry fide
 We did bide,
 From dear Judah far absented,
 Tearing the air with our cries,
 And our eyes,
 With their streams, his stream augmented.

II.

When poor Sion's doleful state,
 Desolate,
 Sacked, burned, and enthral'd,
 And the Temple spoil'd, which we
 Ne'er should see,
 To our mirthless minds we call'd :

III.

Our mute harps, untun'd, unstrung,
 Up we hung
 On green willows near beside us,
 Where, we sitting all forlorn,
 Thus, in scorn,
 Our proud spoilers 'gan deride us.

VI.

IV.

Come, sad captives, leave your moans,
 And your groans
 Under Sion's ruins bury:
 Tune your harps, and sing us lays
 In the praise
 Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

Can, ah! can we leave our moans,
 And our groans
 Under Sion's ruins bury?
 Can we in this land sing lays
 In the praise
 Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.

No, dear Sion, if I yet
 Do forget
 Thine affliction miserable,
 Let my nimble joints become
 Stiff and numb,
 To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.

Let my tongue lose fingering skill,
 Let it still
 To my parched roof be glewed,
 If in either harp or voice
 I rejoice,
 Till thy joys shall be renewed.

VIII.

VIII.

Lord, curse Edom's traiterous kind,

Bear in mind

In our ruins how they revel'd,

Sack, kill, burn, they cry'd out still,

Sack, burn, kill,

Down with all, let all be level'd.

IX.

And thou Babel, when the tide

Of thy pride

Now a flowing, grows to turning :

Victor now, shall then be thrall,

And shall fall

To as low an ebb of mourning.

X

Happy he who shall thee waste,

As thou hast

Us without all mercy wasted,

And shall make thee taste and see

What poor we

By thy means have seen and tasted.

XI.

Happy, who thy tender bairns,

From the arms

Of their wailing mothers tearing,

'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,

Ruthless stones

With their brains and blood besmearing.

PSALM

PSALM CXLVI. PARAPHRASED.

I.

IN pious hymns and consecrated lays,
 Whilst vital streams my beating veins shall
 swell,
 Great author of the world ! thy deathless praise,
 And glorious deeds, my joyful tongue shall tell.

II.

Let not thy heart a fond assurance place
 In any earthly monarch's fav'ring smile ;
 Nor from the mortal aid of human race
 With hopes of lasting bliss thy soul beguile.

III.

Soon to their native dust return again,
 The sons of men, at death's impartial call ;
 Then vanish into air their counsels vain,
 And to the ground their empty projects fall.

IV.

Thrice happy he, that on th'eternal King
 For succour and defence alone relies,
 And safe beneath the shadow of his wing
 Serenely sits, and threatening ills defies.

V.

Him all things both in heav'n and earth obey,
 Their great Creator and almighty Lord ;
 Sooner the sun from his fixt course may stray,
 Than Israel's God forget his sacred word.

VI.

VI.

The Lord asserts the poor man's rightful cause,
And frees from tort'ring bonds the pris'ner's
feet,

Rescues the helpless from th' oppressors jaws,
And satisfies the hungry soul with meat.

VII.

The blind, in mercy he restores to sight,
New health and vigour on the sick bestows :
But in the righteous is his chief delight ;
On them his ever-streaming favour flows.

VIII.

He to the stranger, widow, orphan, proves
A faithful friend, a husband, father kind ;
And far from each the mischiefs he removes,
And guileful wrongs by impious men design'd.

IX.

Thy King, O Sion ! shall for ever reign ;
No end shall his eternal empire know,
Long as their place the stars of heav'n maintain,
And rivers to the thirsty ocean flow.

PSALM CXLVIII. IMITATED.

O Azure vaults ! O crystal sky !
 The world's transparent canopy,
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know,
 With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the God of war,
 Who conquer wherefoe'er you are,
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known
 On earth his footstool, as in heav'n his throne.

Great eye of all ! whose glorious ray
 Rules the bright empire of the day,
 O praise his name, without whose purer light
 Thou hadst been hid in an abyfs of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense,
 By God's command, your influence ;
 Resign to him, as your Creator due,
 That veneration which men pay to you.

Fairest, as well as first of things,
 From whom all joy, all beauty springs,
 O praise th' almighty Ruler of the globe,
 Who used thee for his empyreal robe.

Praise

Praise him, ye loud harmonious spheres,
 Whose sacred stamp all nature bears,
 Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
 And whose command is th' universal law.

Ye wat'ry mountains of the sky,
 And you so far above our eye,
 Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
 Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
 Peoples the dark retreats of death,
 Change your fierce hissing into joyful songs,
 And praise your Maker with your forked tongues.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
 That in the sea's vast bosom sleep,
 At whose command the foaming billows roar,
 Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
 And you, who through the concave blow,
 Swift executors of his holy word,
 Whirlwinds and tempests, praise th' almighty Lord.

Mountains,

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
All heav'n was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him, sweet offspring of the ground,
With heav'nly nectar yearly crown'd;
And ye tall cedars celebrate his praise,
That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
Whose only care's to love and sing,
Fly thro' the world, and let your trembling throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each salvage furious beast,
That on his stores do daily feast:
And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
Whose pow'r hath here no periods,
May all attempts against your crowns be vain:
But still remember by whose pow'r you reign.

Let

Let the wide world his praises sing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
Praise him from whom your pow'r derives :
Be true and just, like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time ;
O praise him in your youthful prime !
Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense ;
Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
When heav'n and earth, and all is past ;
Nothing, great God ! is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race !
The God of gods, the God of grace ;
Who will above the stars your empire raise,
And with his glory recompense your praise.

CONSIDERA-

CONSIDERATIONS ON PSALM LXXXVIII.

HEavy, O Lord, on me thy judgments ly,
 And curs'd I am ; for God neglects my cry.
 O Lord, in darkness and despair I groan ;
 And ev'ry place is hell ; for God is gone.
 O Lord, arise, and let thy beams controul
 Those horrid clouds that press my frighted soul :
 O rise, and save me from eternal night,

Thou that art the God of light.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place ;
 There none obtain thy aid, none sing thy praise.
 Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd :
 Is mercy there ? is sweet forgiveness found ?
 O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand ;
 Rebuke the storm, and set me safe to land.
 O make my longings and thy mercy sure,

Thou that art the God of power.

Behold the weary'd prodigal is come
 To thee, his hope, his harbour, and his home.
 No father he could find, no friend abroad,
 Depriv'd of joy, and destitute of God.
 O let thy terrors and his anguish end !
 Be thou his father, and be thou his friend.
 Receive the son thou didst so long reprove ;
 Thou that art the God of love.

CHAP. VII. of PROVERBS *translated.*

MY son, th' instruction that my words impart,
 Grave on the living tablet of thy heart ;
 And all the wholesome precepts that I give,
 Observe with strictest reverence, and live.

Let all thy homage be to wisdom paid,
 Seek her protection, and implore her aid ;
 That she may keep thy soul from harm secure,
 And turn thy footsteps from the harlot's door,
 Who with curs'd charms lures the unwary in,
 And sooths with flattery their souls to sin.

Once from my window as I cast mine eye,
 On those that pass'd in giddy numbers by,
 A youth among the foolish youths I spy'd,
 Who took not sacred wisdom for his guide.

Just as the sun withdrew his cooler light,
 And evening soft led on the shades of night,
 He stole in covert twilight to his fate,
 And pass'd the corner near the harlot's gate ;
 When lo, a woman comes ! —

Loose her attire, and such her glaring dress,
 As aptly did the harlot's mind express :
 Subtle she is, and practis'd in the arts,
 By which the wanton conquer heedless hearts :
 Stubborn and loud she is, she hates her home,

Varying

Varying her place and form : she loves to roam ;
 Now she's within, now in the street doth stray,
 Now at each corner stands, and waits her prey.
 The youth she seiz'd ; and laying now aside
 All modesty, the female's justest pride,
 She said, with an embrace, Here at my house
 Peace-offerings are, this day I paid my vows.
 I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,
 And lo, in happy hour, I find thee here.

My chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my bed
 Are coverings of the richest tap'stry spread ;
 With linen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,
 And carvings by the curious artist wrought :
 It wants no glad perfume Arabia yields,
 In all her citron groves and spicy fields ;
 Here all her store of richest odours meets,
 I'll lay thee in a wilderness of sweets.
 Whatever to the sense can grateful be
 I have collected there,——I want but thee.
 My husband's gone a journey far away,
 Much gold he took abroad, and long will stay :
 He nam'd for his return a distant day.

Upon her tongue did such smooth mischief dwell,
 And from her lips such welcome flattery fell,
 Th'ungarded youth, in silken fetters ty'd,
 Resign'd his reason, and with ease comply'd.
 Thus does the ox to his own slaughter go,
 And thus is senseless of the impending blow.

Thus

Thus flies the simple bird into the snare,
 That skilful fowlers for his life prepare.
 But let my sons attend. Attend may they
 Whom youthful vigour may to sin betray ;
 Let them false charmers fly, and guard their hearts
 Against the wily wanton's pleasing arts ;
 With care direct their steps, nor turn astray
 To tread the paths of her deceitful way ;
 Lest they too late of her fell power complain,
 And fall, where many mightier have been slain.

CHAP. VIII. of PROV. *From verse 10.*

WHATEVER of good or excellent is found
 Within the compass of this spacious round,
 Compar'd with wisdom, no regard can claim ;
 With her compar'd, can scarce deserve a name.
 Not half so beauteous is the dawning light ;
 Not half so fair the stars that gild the night.
 In vain the gems of Ophir's favour'd coast
 Their dazzled lustre in her presence boast :
 Gay orient pearls and gold in vain display
 Their vanquish'd glories in her brighter day.
 Before her, brilliant di'monds dimly shine,
 And blushing rubies own her worth divine.

Richer and happier he, whose hallow'd breast
 Of wisdom's sacred treasures is possess'd,
 Than if he monarch reign'd of all the wealthy east.
 The just, by wisdom's righteous precepts led,
 The peaceful paths of life securely tread,
 The dang'rous rocks of vice with safety shun,
 And virtue's pleasant course serenely run.

Artists by her their subtile works devise ;
 'Tis she, with counsel sage instructs the wise :
 'Tis she, who teaches princes to command
 By wholesome laws, and guides the scepter'd hand.

Before th' eternal mind, who dwells on high,
 Hung up the spangled curtains of the sky,
 With wond'rous skill earth's firm foundations laid,
 Or scoop'd the watery deep's capacious bed ;
 Before their tow'ring heads the mountains rear'd,
 Or shady woods and open lawns appear'd ;
 Ere bubbling springs and fountains had begun
 Thro' painted meads in chrystal streams to run ;
 Ere chearful verdure clcath'd the naked field,
 Or barren vales did blooming odours yield,
 Wisdom with uncreated splendor shone,
 And spread her beams around th' Almighty's
 throne ;
 Joyous before the sov'reign presence play'd,
 Who with delight immense her heav'nly form
 survey'd !

And

And when this universe with perfect art
 He rais'd and cast in order ev'ry part;
 The spheres, that roll their steady course above,
 Prepar'd, and taught the planets where to move;
 When laws he to the swelling ocean gave,
 And bound in ropes of sand the raging wave;
 To wand'ring clouds their airy flight assign'd,
 And, whence to blow, inform'd the sweepy wind,
 Wisdom supreme did o'er the whole preside,
 And in his awful work the sacred founder guide.

The MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more.——O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
 From Jesse's root behold a BRANCH arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies,
 Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.

Ye

Ye heav'ns from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and antient fraud shall fail,
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious babe be born :
 See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice, the lonely desert cheers,
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.
 Lo ! earth receives him from the bending skies :
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise !
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay !
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !
 The Saviour comes, by antient bards foretold ;
 Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :

'Tis

'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear ;
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear :
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Or ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Or fields with gleaming steal be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren desarts with surprize
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,

And

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, oncè perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
 mead,

And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue and pointless sting
 shall play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs:

For

For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n in sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH
 reigns!

CHAP. LV. of ISAIAH *paraphrased.*

ALL ye, whom summer's life-consuming heat
 Bids to the fountain's shady banks retreat,
 Joyful approach! here streams eternal flow,
 Streams that my bounty shall on all bestow;
 For souls oppress'd with thirst, I milk prepare,
 And wine unbought to sooth each tort'ring care.
 Ye sons of men, why do ye toil in vain
 For faithless harvests and deceitful grain?
 Why spend your wealth for that which is not bread,
 For vanities, on which you cannot feed?

Listen

Listen to me, taste ye of what is good,
 And let your souls delight in heav'nly food:
 To me, your bounteous Lord, attention give,
 The soul, that marks my words, shall surely live.
 With you I'll make, if you obedient prove,
 A league of mercy and eternal love;
 Such were the mercies I to David shewed,
 Such love, my people's rule on him bestowed:
 David the witness of my truth I chose,
 And raised him Israel's saviour from their foes.
 Lo! distant nations yet unknown to fame,
 Who ne'er have heard of favoured Jacob's name,
 Shall wait obsequious at thy dread command,
 And in thy fortunes own Jehovah's hand.
 Seek ye the Lord, whilst he thy voice may hear,
 And call upon him, whilst he yet is near:
 Let wicked men forsake their impious ways,
 Humble themselves, and sound their Maker's praise;
 Let the unrighteous, secret friend to sin,
 His thoughts renounce, and cleanse himself within,
 The God of mercy will their sins forgive,
 And the repentant wanderers receive:
 Thus saith the Lord, with unrelenting eye
 Offended man beholds his brother die;
 Not so my thoughts, I seek alone to spare,
 And even the sinful are their Maker's care:
 Far as the skies above the earth extend,
 So far my gracious ways, thy ways transcend:

Nor

Nor can thy thoughts with mine proportion know,
 Mine are in heaven, thine grovel still below.
 For as the winter snows, and summer shower,
 Descending from on high, arise no more,
 But o'er the earth their nutrient sap diffuse,
 And bid the teeming glebe its fruits produce;
 So shall the word, that issues from my mouth,
 Not void return: it is the word of truth,
 Whose energy eternal, shall fulfill
 Its destin'd end, and prosper in my will.
 Thy going out shall be with mighty joy,
 And led by peace, none shall thy peace annoy,
 Before thy face, the hills with chearful noise
 And songs triumphant shall lift up their voice }
 While trees shall clap their hands, and every }
 field rejoice.

The thorn no more shall waste the fruitful land,
 But in its place the lofty pine shall stand,
 And where the pointed briar perplex'd the way,
 The fragrant myrtle shall invite to stray:
 This to the Lord a lasting name shall prove,
 A sign eternal of his matchless love,
 A sign eternal! source of endless joy,
 Which life, nor death, nor time can e'er destroy.

K

Latter

*Latter part of CHAP. VI. of MATTHEW
paraphrased.*

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling
tear,

While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears ;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall cloath these shiv'ring limbs again.
'Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?
And the fair body its investing weed ?

Behold ! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air :
To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing
song ;

Yet,

Yet, your kind heavenly father bends his eye
 On the least wing, that flits along the sky.
 To him they sing, when spring renews the plain,
 To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
 Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain :
 He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
 And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lilies snowy grace,
 Observe the various vegetable race;
 They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
 Ye see how warm they blush! how bright they
 glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare!
 What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say!
 Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

Some

Some reflexions upon the LORD'S PRAYER.

I. **H**IS sacred name, with reverence profound,
Shou'd mention'd be, and trembling at
the sound :

It was Jehovah, 'tis *our Father* now,
So low to us does heav'n vouchsafe to bow.
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray,
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. *His kingdom come* : for this we pray in
vain,

Unless he does in our affections reign :
Absurd it were to wish for such a king,
And not obedience to his scepter bring ;
Whose yoke is easy, and his burden light,
His service freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done* : in fact 'tis always done,
But, as in heav'n, it must be made our own :
His will shou'd all our inclinations sway,
Whom nature and the universe obey.
Happy the man, whose wishes are confin'd
To what has been eternally design'd :
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to ourselves, we are !

IV.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up ;
 'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup ;
 Like new-born babes, depending on the breast,
 From day to day we on his bounty feast.
 Nor shou'd the soul expect above a day
 To dwell in her frail tenement of clay :
 The setting sun shou'd seem to bound our race,
 And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he shou'd all our trespasses forgive,*
 While we in hatred with our neighbours live ;
 Tho' so to pray may seem an easy task,
 We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd, we ask :
 This prayer to use, we ought with equal care
 Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.
 The noblest worship of the pow'r above,
 Is to extol, and imitate his love :
 Not to forgive our enemies alone,
 But use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe ;*
 And those we may in several stations know :
 The rich and poor in slippery places stand ;
 Give us enough, but with a sparing hand :
 Not ill persuading want, nor wanton wealth,
 But what proportion'd is to life and health.
 For not the dead, but living, sing thy praise,
 Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

The

The SPEECH of PAUL the Apostle to the
 ATHENIANS.

Acts xvii. 22. paraphrased

AT TEND, ye men of Athens, to the words
 Of artless truth, and oh! with patience
 hear

A stranger's voice. Too prone your genius
 seems

To servile dread of numerous deities,
 Though unexplor'd their nature and their powers,
 Around this city while I curious stray'd,
 Your temples marking, and your costly shrines
 And various rites, an altar I beheld
 With verdant wreaths and votive offerings crown'd,
 The vain inscription bore *TO GOD UNKNOWN.*

That God, whom ye, from reason long
 estrang'd,

In unavailing ignorance adore,
 Him I to all proclaim.—Th'Eternal one
 Who bade this goodly frame exist, who fix'd
 The glorious ever burning lamps on high,
 Dwells not in temples rear'd by mortal hands
 With majesty diminish'd: him the earth
 And utmost heav'ns acknowledge Lord of all.

Nough

Nought all the pompous waste of sacrifice,
 Vain pageantry! that Being can avail,
 Whose happiness beyond the farthest ken
 Of time endures, from whom our vital breath,
 And every good dependant man enjoys.

He from one family, one parent stock,
 Wide o'er this earth the sons of men diffus'd;
 He to their distant habitations gave
 Th' appointed limits, while at his command,
 Or nations perish, or new empires rise.
 To know their Maker, to explore the ways
 Of matchless goodness, such the pleasing task
 To men assign'd, nor far from human search
 Is plac'd the Godhead; felt within each breast
 Is God's existence, for in him our life,
 And powers of motion, and our being are:
 WE ARE HIS OFFSPRING, so your far fam'd bard
 Aratus sung; if we, tho' mortal, boast
 Lineage celestial, how vain the thought,
 By man's device, or sculpture's mimic art,
 To frame the likeness of divinity!

While ignorance prevail'd, while o'er the world
 Its darkness intellectual error spread,
 Our gracious Father view'd with pitying eye
 Bewilder'd mortals, nor each failing mark'd,
 In chastisement inexorably just:
 Now to religion's long neglected paths
 Man he recalls; and wills that all repent.

The

The day he has ordain'd, the solemn day
 Of retribution ; Jesus chosen judge,
 Shall every virtue, every crime unfold,
 Our actions ponder, and pronounce our doom.
 From heaven this Jesus, mighty stranger came,
 His nature glorious and ineffable
 In human semblance veil'd, he dwelt on earth
 Lowly in goodness, yet his wond'rous deeds
 Aboud his great original proclaim'd :
 And when by rulers cruel and unjust
 Condemn'd, unheard, the patient victim fell :
 As God had promis'd, as of old the voice
 Of prescient fates spake, he death o'ercame,
 Burst his sepulchral bands, and rose to life.

CHARITY.

CHAP. XIII. of 1 COR. *paraphrased.*

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung :
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or science can define ;
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babling earth :
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
 To weary tortures and rejoice in fire ;

Or

Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
 When Moses gave them miracles, and law :
 Yet gracious CHARITY, indulgent guest,
 Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast,
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r :
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair :
 A tymbal's sound were better than my voice :
 My faith were form : my eloquence were noise.

CHARITY, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;
 Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,
 Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride,
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives :
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.
 Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives :
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n ;
 And opens in each heart a little heav'n.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
 It's proper bounds, and due reflexion knows ;
 To one fix'd purpose dedicates it's pow'r ;
 And finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus in obedience to what Heav'n decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease :
 But lasting CHARITY's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's intervening glafs,
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass;
 A little we discover; but allow,
 That more remains unseen, than art can show;
 So whilst our mind it's knowledge wou'd improve
 (It's feeble eye intent on things above)
 High as we may, we lift our reason up,
 By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope:
 Yet are we able only to survey
 Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
 Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled fight;
 Too great it's swiftness, and too strong it's light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd,
 The sun shall then be face to face beheld,
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant faith, and holy hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
 Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair CHARITY,
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
 Shalt still survive——
 Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confess,
 For ever blessing and for ever blest.

The

The DYING CHRISTIAN to his SOUL.

O D E.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
 Quit; oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away,
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be death ?

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

F I N I S.

1871

The British Consulate at London

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